

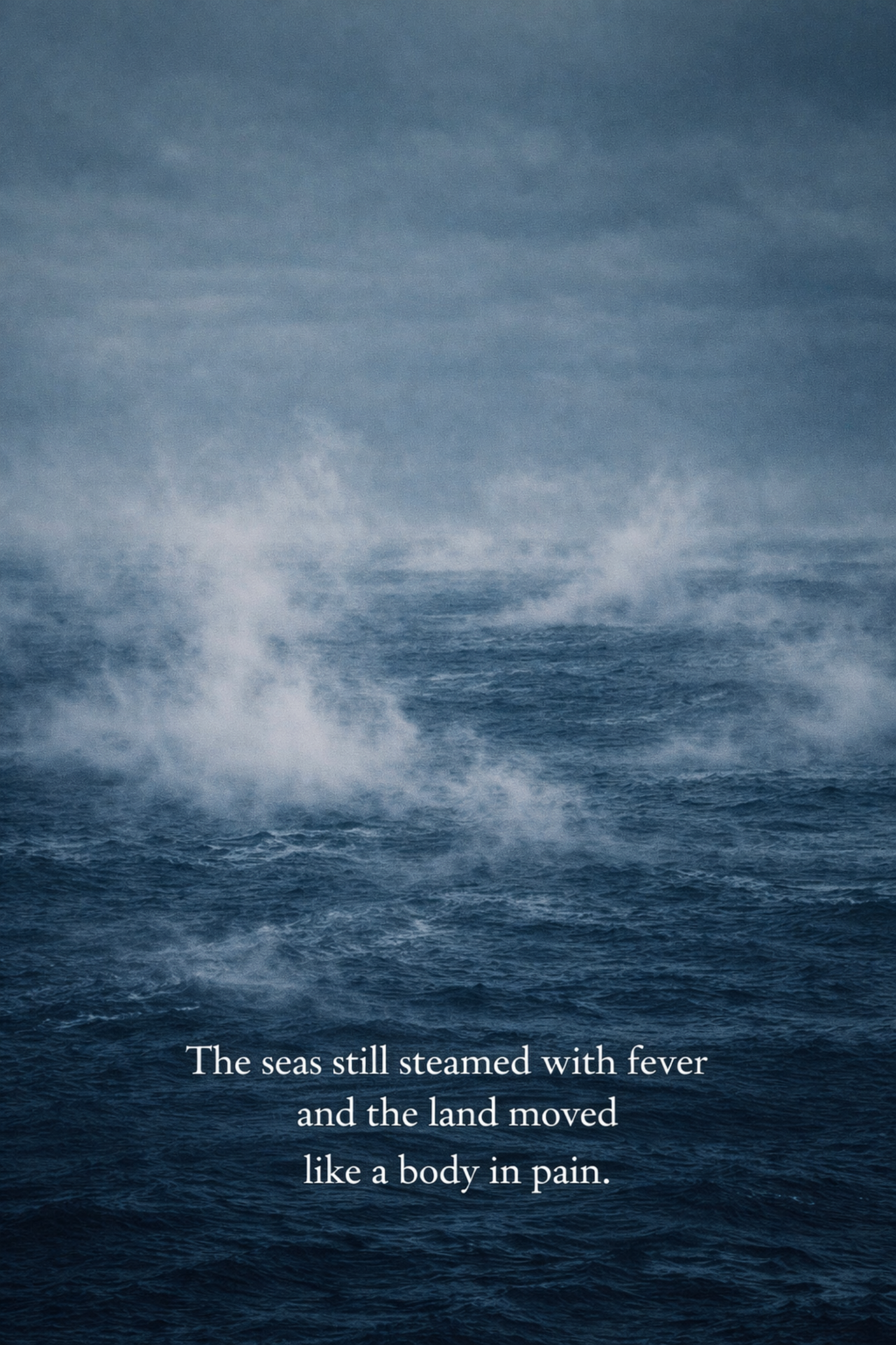


A STORY OF
THE STONE AGE
VOLUME II



The flood had ended
but the world was not at peace.





The seas still steamed with fever
and the land moved
like a body in pain.



The earth had swallowed too much—
cities,
altars,
bones,
and memory.



Now it began to vomit.



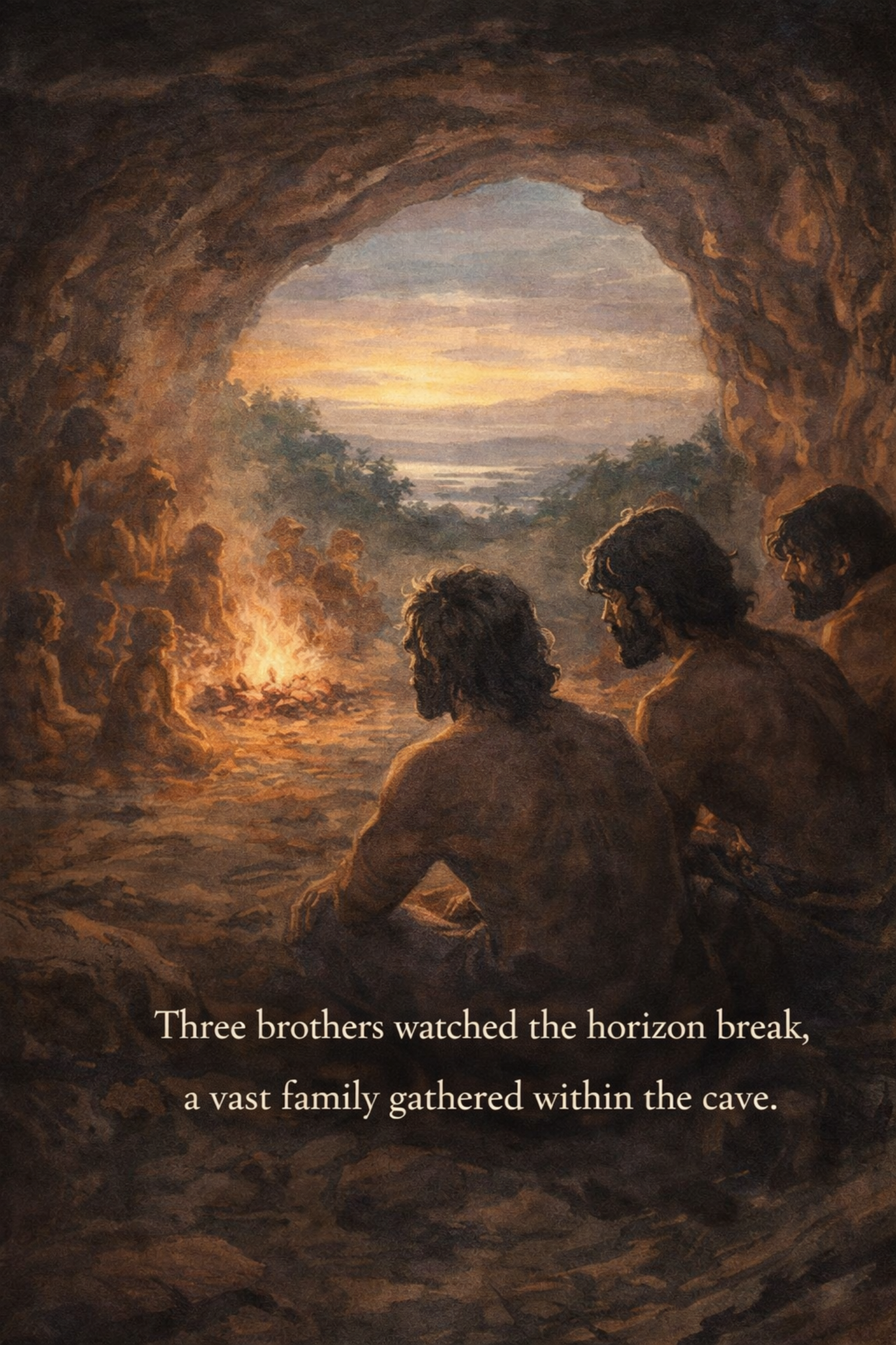
And the earth coughed ash into the sky,
covering the sun and its warmth.



Beasts stumbled through the fog,
their roars trembling



And Noah was gone,
buried with his soul at rest.

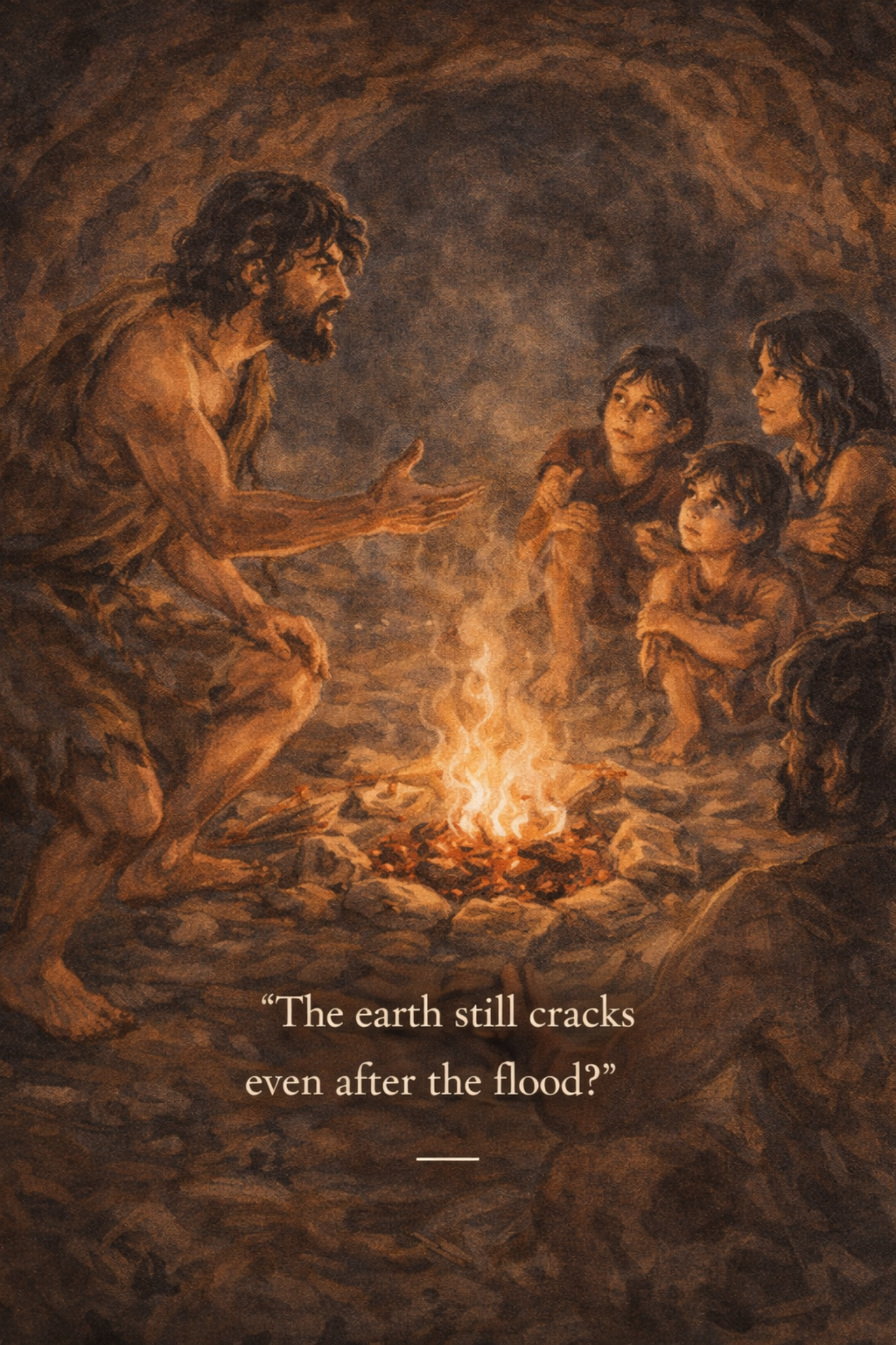


Three brothers watched the horizon break,
a vast family gathered within the cave.

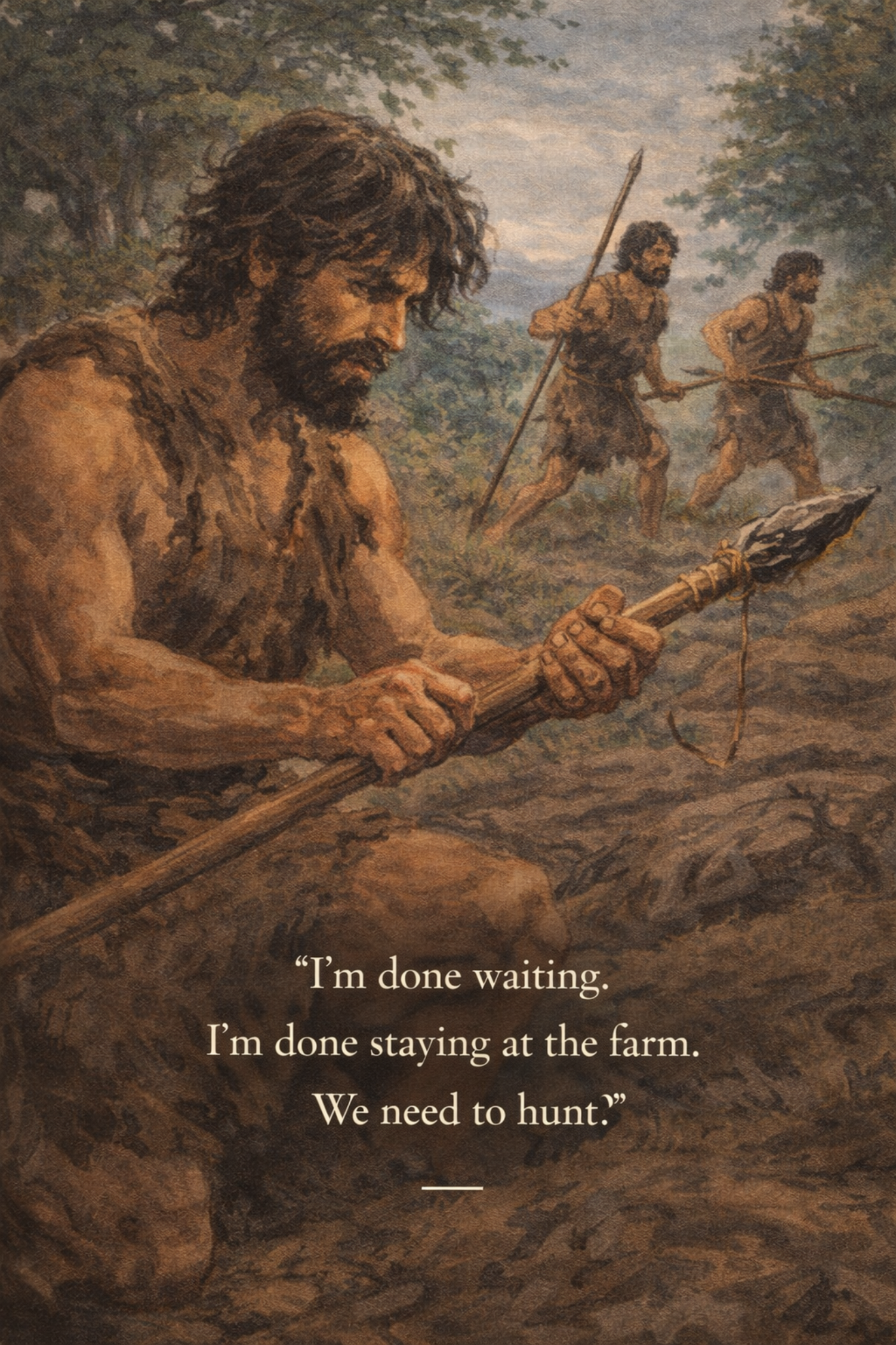


Japheth packed stones and led his own family away.

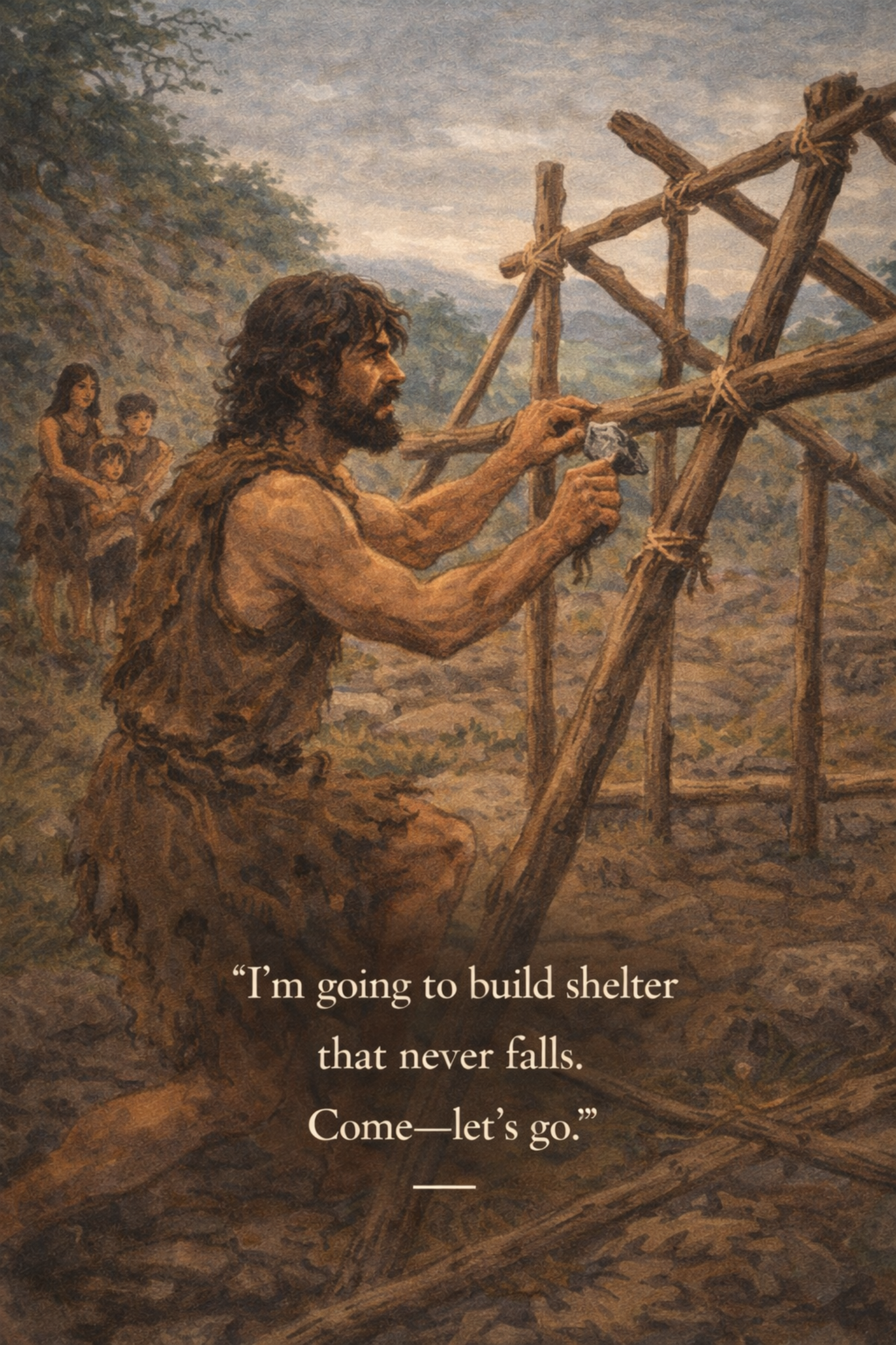
He said:



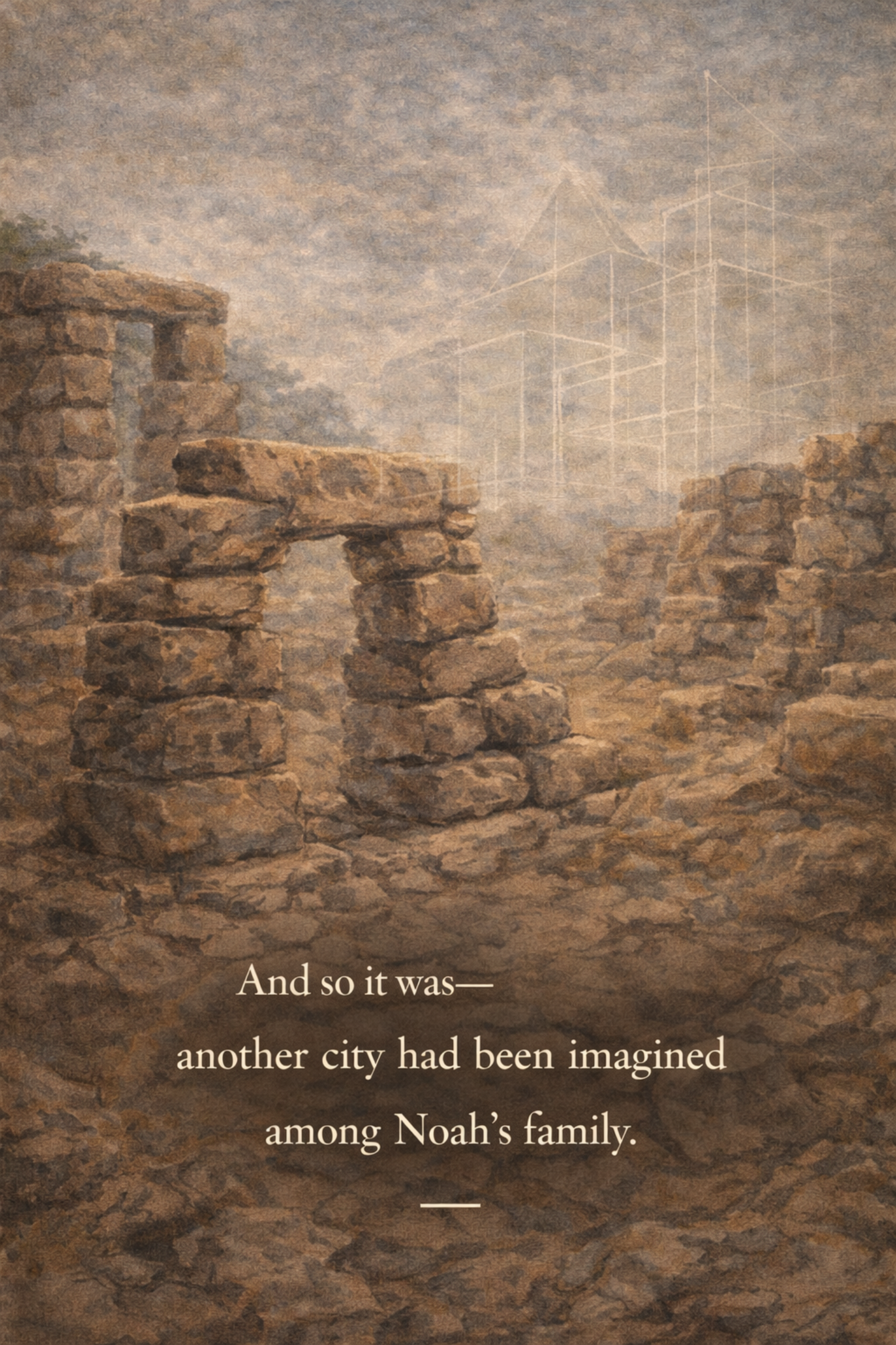
“The earth still cracks
even after the flood?”



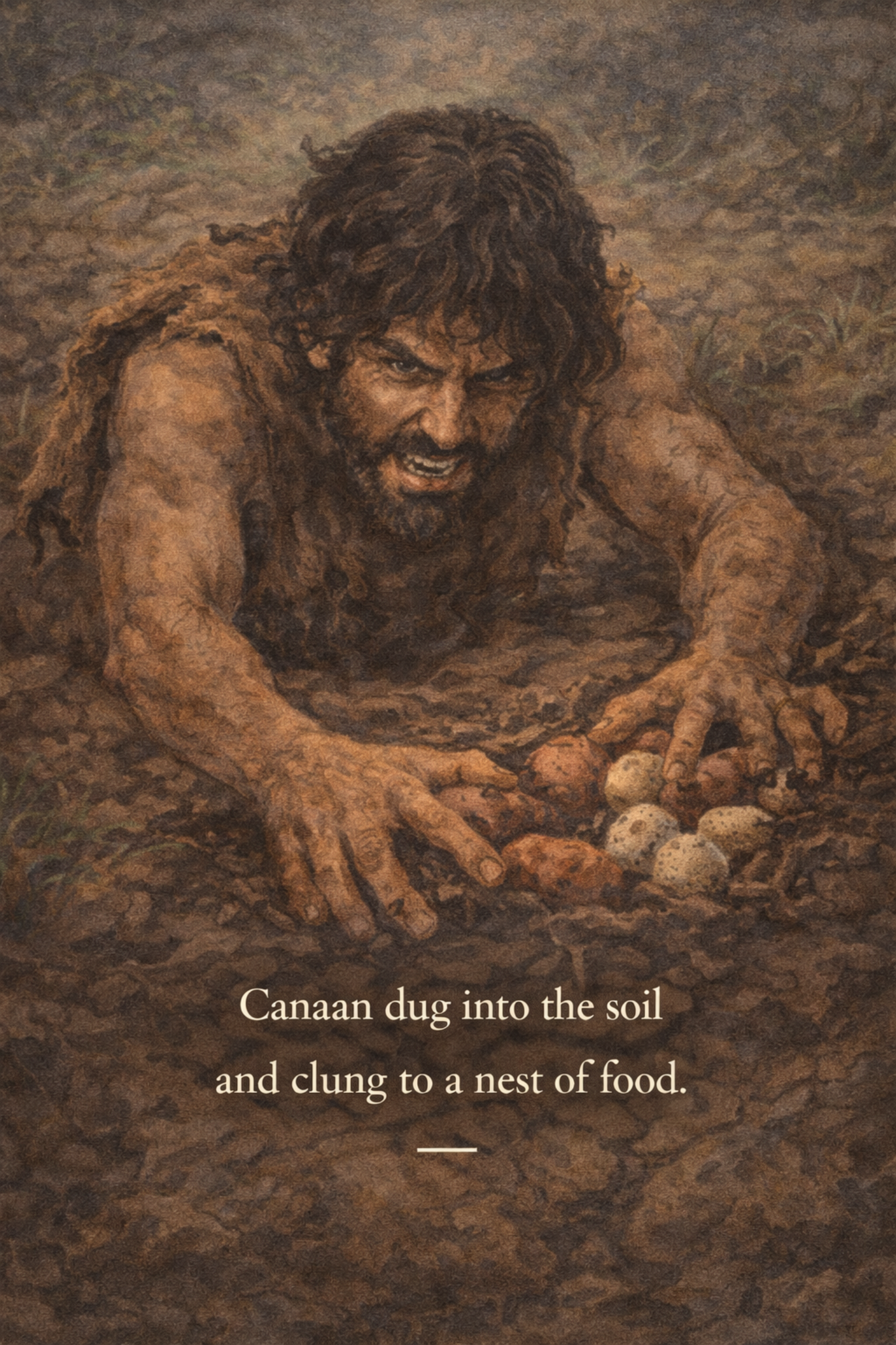
“I’m done waiting.
I’m done staying at the farm.
We need to hunt.”



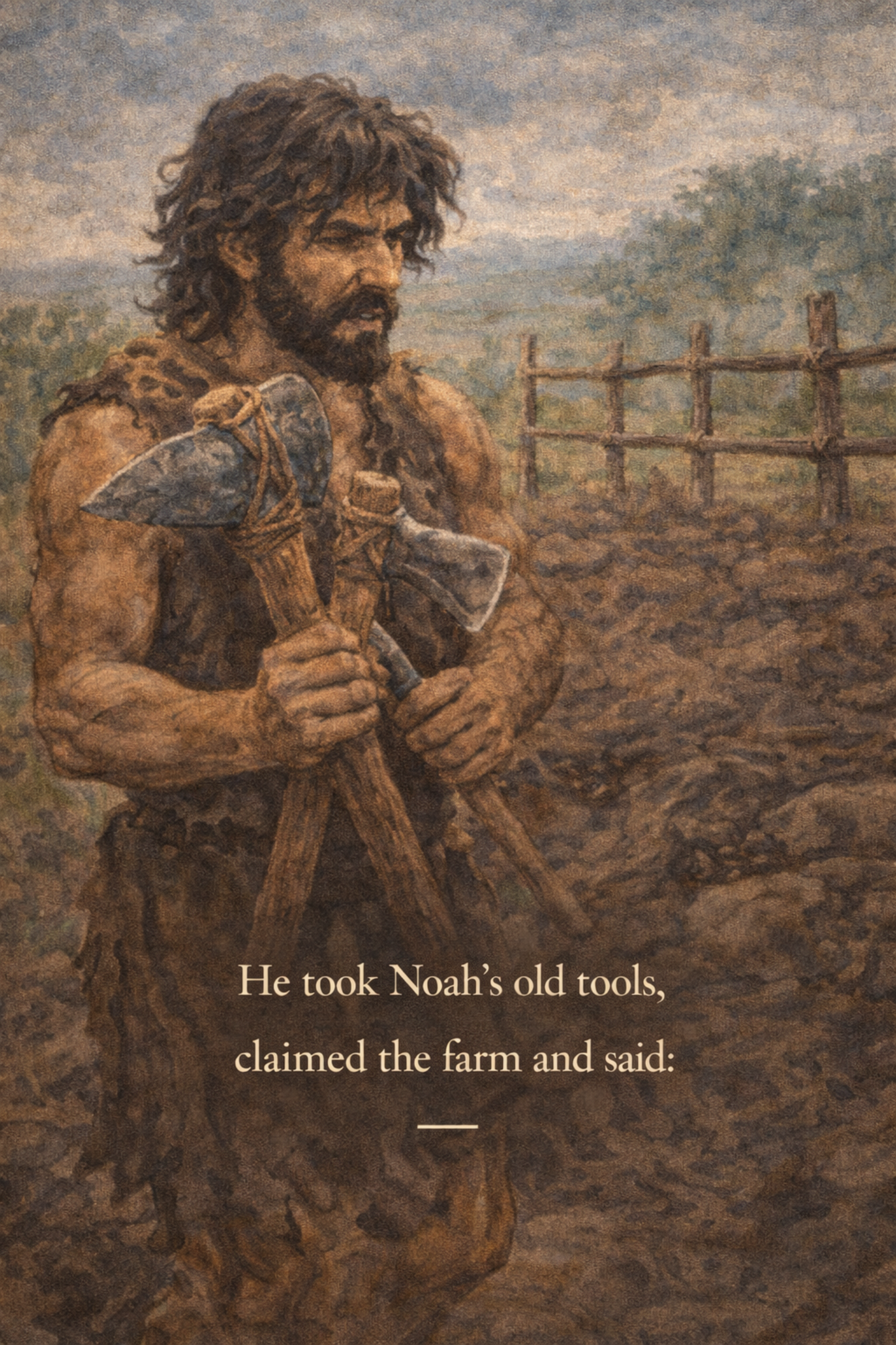
“I’m going to build shelter
that never falls.
Come—let’s go.”



And so it was—
another city had been imagined
among Noah's family.



Canaan dug into the soil
and clung to a nest of food.



He took Noah's old tools,
claimed the farm and said:



“The earth is rich—and ours.”



“It belongs to the First born—
Ham and no other.”



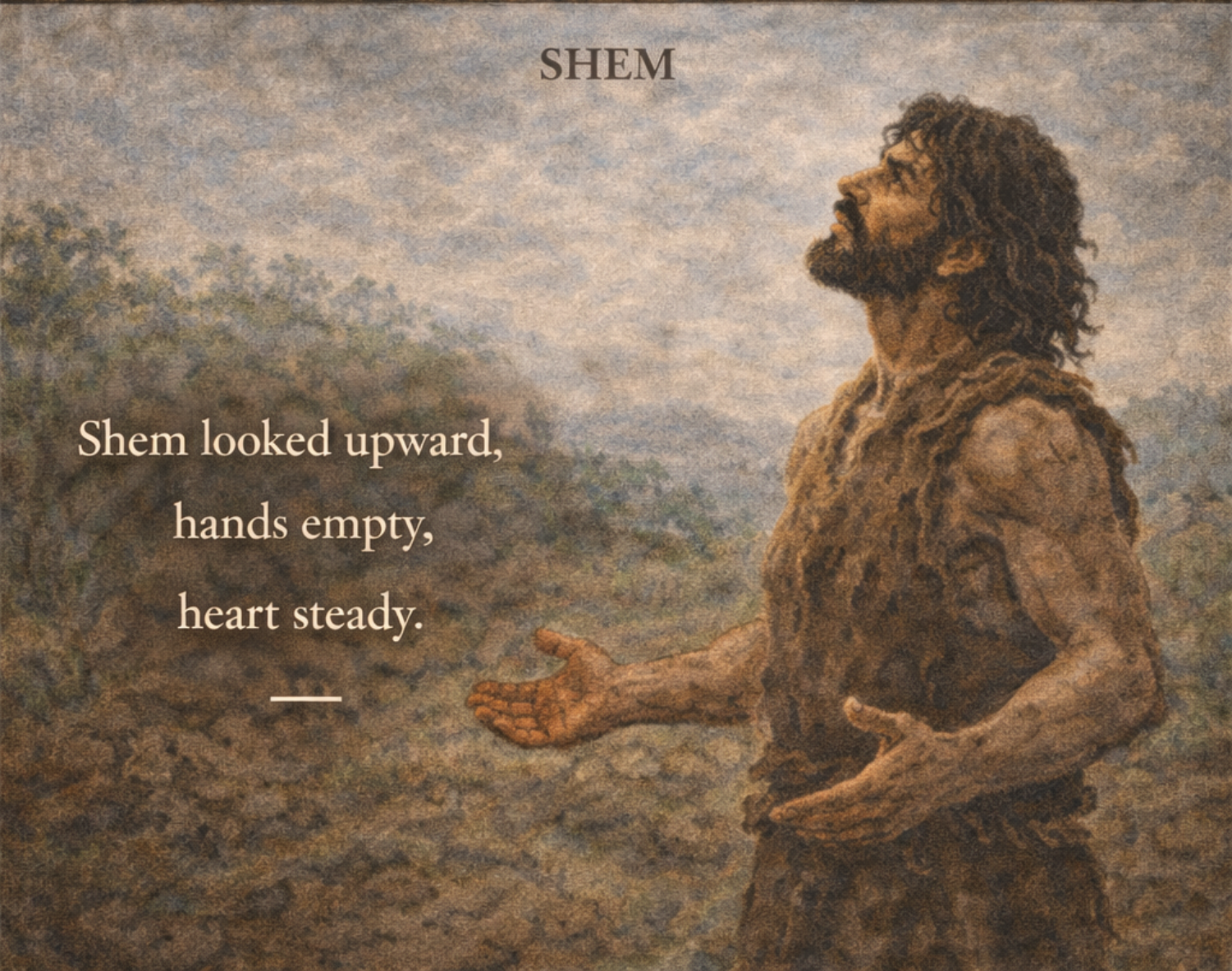
“Don’t you touch what rightfully
belongs to us.”

THE FIRST FIELDS



And the first fields were fenced
among Noah's family.

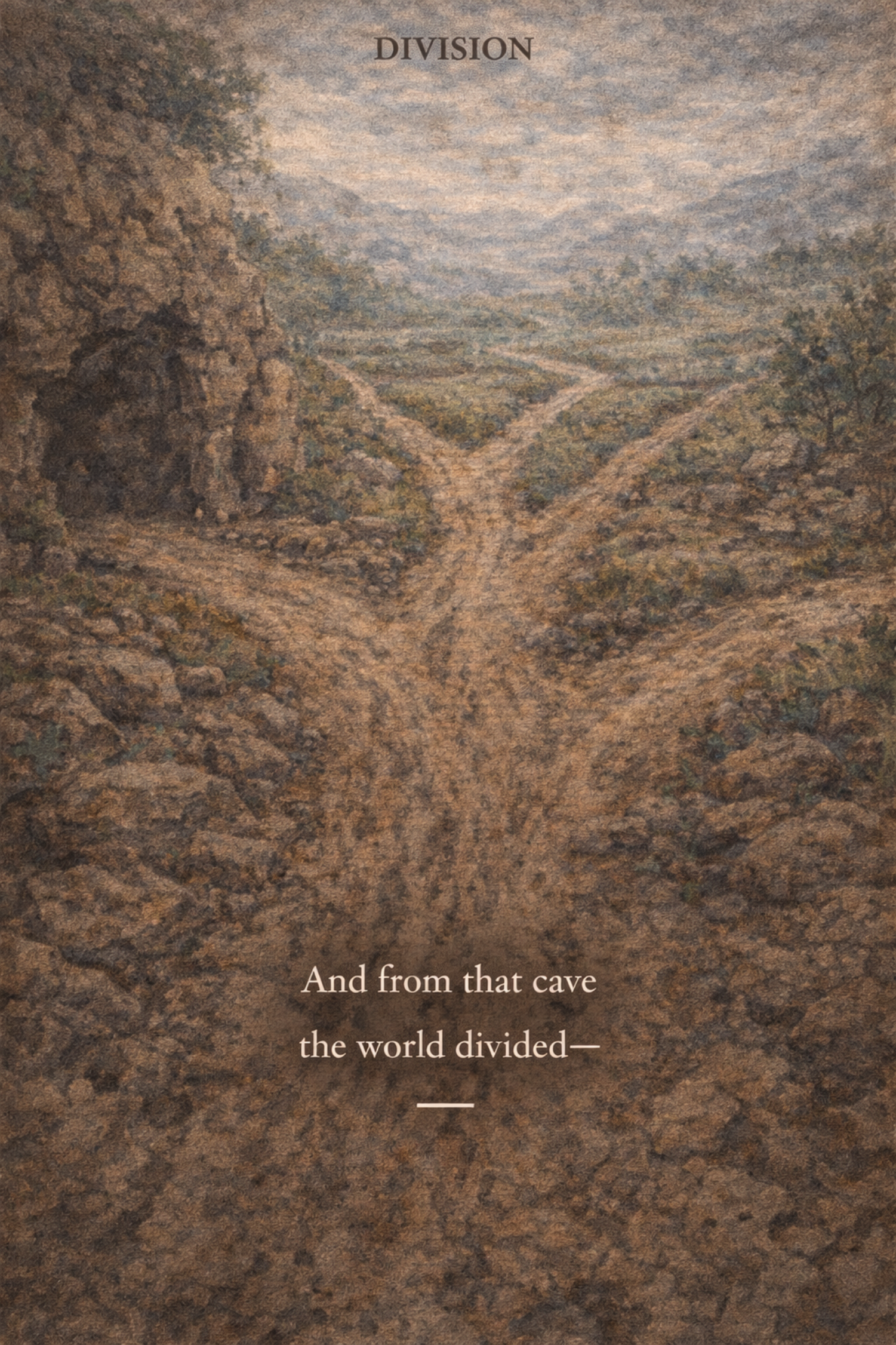
SHEM



Shem looked upward,
hands empty,
heart steady.



“Come my sons, let us go.”

The background is a textured, painterly landscape. It features a path or road that starts in the foreground and leads into the distance, flanked by hills and vegetation. The colors are muted, with a lot of browns, tans, and soft blues, giving it an aged, artistic feel. The texture is visible, suggesting it might be a reproduction of a painting or a high-quality print with a grainy surface.

DIVISION

And from that cave
the world divided—

—



Each walking his own way
through the trembling earth.
